

The Critic

NEW YORK, AUGUST 26, 1882.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

ESSAY.—John Howard Payne. By John H. Treadwell..... 223	Godkin; C. F. Keary's 'Primitive Belief'; <i>The Chrysanthemum</i> ; Minor Notices..... 229
LITERATURE.—H. Spencer's 'Political Institutions'; H. Von Holst's 'John C. Calhoun' (224); L. Halevy's 'Abbé Constantine'; P. Soboleski's 'Poets and Poetry of Poland'; W. H. Mallock's 'Social Equality' (225); A. Hovgaard's 'Nordenskiöld's Voyage Round Europe and Asia'; W. S. Jevons's 'The State in Relation to Labor'; Recent Fiction (226); Educational Works (227); Grave-Yard Relics, communication— from E. L. F. (228); Correspondence of Cavour—communication, from G. S.	LITERARY NOTES.—230. French Notes; German Notes; Italian Notes..... 231
	EDITORIALS.—English Views of American Society; 'Dare-Devil Dan'..... 228
	SCIENCE.—Sir J. Lubbock's 'Ants, Bees, and Wasps'; The <i>Assos Expedition</i> ; Scientific Notes..... 232
	THE FINE ARTS.—The New Volume of <i>L'Art</i> ; Art Notes..... 233
	THE DRAMA.—Henry Pettitt's 'The Black Flag' at the Union Square... 233
	MUSIC.—Musical Notes..... 234

John Howard Payne.

THE public service of the United States of thirty years ago was singularly deficient in names that have been remembered beyond the brief periods of their activity. Our law-makers were in debt to none except those who had helped to make them such, and, as a result, public places were filled by persons whose qualifications were unknown save to those who put them there. These conditions, in the main, are still unchanged, but there are a few notable and creditable exceptions. 'Self-made men,' and the premium on imperious ignorance, are decreasing in equal ratio.

In 1851, among the numerous applicants for office in the then miserable city of Washington was one whose name was known in almost every capital of the world; his two immortal verses had already found sympathetic welcome in the hearts of millions. But while Charles Kemble's box-office at Covent Garden had been rattling with the coin brought in by 'Home, Sweet Home,' twenty years before, John Howard Payne had wanted even the necessities of life. He might have stood without the doors, and heard the words of his own song, and the plaudits of the crowded house, but enter he could not. As a strolling player and playwright he had done creditable work, and helped Kemble and Macready and Kean many rounds up the ladder of fame. Managers sought his work with alacrity, but the idea of adequate compensation seems never to have possessed them. Payne grew poorer as his patrons grew rich; all his plans and projects failed him, and at last, a ragged wanderer, he trudged up and down the streets of great cities, still pursued by the words and music of his own pathetic song.

At a period of life when most men have laid the foundations of a competence he was penniless. Forty laborious years had borne no substantial fruit. Discouraged and embittered, he turned homeward, with a project for establishing in his own land a literary periodical, not unlike several which then existed in London; but its name, *Jam Jehan Nima*, was too much for it: it died before birth. On this side of the water no kit-cat clubs or Grub-street coteries stood ready to give such enterprises a send-off. The literary stars of this empyrean were either too widely scattered, or were too deficient in that spirit of fellowship which in England saved from obscurity so many an 'inglorious Milton.' Communities were almost exclusively practical in their occupations; gold was the god of their idolatry, yet they measured nothing by the golden rule.

Payne at this time probably had a more extended reputation than any living American. The success of his plays, largely due to the efforts of the most prominent players, was extraordinary. Both his original and his translated pieces were meritorious. His first attempt at play-making was a translation from the French, 'The Maid and Maggie'; this was soon followed by 'Accusation.' These two pieces attracted the attention of the leading managers and actors at home and abroad; and, encouraged by their approval, Payne began the tragedy of 'Brutus,' which was readily accepted by Charles Kean, who, with the active assistance of its author, brought it out at Drury Lane in December, 1818. Thereupon envious souls began a course of persecution, which left Payne penniless and almost friendless, for—as was his usual fate

—the manager neglected to turn over to him the proceeds of his benefit. Various productions followed these, but none of note until we reach 'Clari,' at first a purely dramatic work, but which was reconstructed, before production, as an opera. This piece was the first put upon the stage under Charles Kemble's management of Covent Garden.

Kemble's sister-in-law, Miss Tree, gained great popularity in it. Her singing of 'Home, Sweet Home' was cheered to the echo. Crowded houses and unstinted applause greeted it nightly; and one hundred thousand copies of the song were estimated to have been sold in 1832.

Of the large revenue accruing from this publication, Payne received twenty-five pounds. Surely, he who brought sunshine to the hearts of thousands might more fittingly have written philippics against a selfish world. The author of the most popular song ever written remained, like Belisarius, illustrious but poor. Not long after the appearance of 'Clari' came 'Charles the Second,' which met with immediate approval, and added largely to Kemble's reputation. For this Payne got fifty pounds. It is most singular that, in the zenith of his reputation, the prices paid him for his work were still miserably small when compared with the sums paid to others for poorer material. He seemed to have no faculty for commanding his just dues, and not one of the number with whom he had dealings was possessed of manhood enough to volunteer just compensation.

On his return to America, after these profitless successes, he found it as hard as ever to get on, and so was persuaded by his friends to become American Consul at Tunis. Returning thence to America again, after some years, he sought a post less remote and more remunerative. As to his success in this matter, we have his own words, written on a neat sheet of note-paper, in one corner of which is a griffin, with a garter underneath, and within its outline the initials 'J. H. P.' The letter, I believe, has never before been published.

'WASHINGTON, MAR. 3, 1851.'

'MY DEAR SIR:—It affords me great pleasure to comply with your request for the words of Home, Sweet Home.

'Surely there is something strange in the fact that it should have been my lot to cause so many people in the world to boast of the delights of home, when I never had a home of my own, and never expect to have one, now—especially since those here at Washington who possess the power, seem so reluctant to allow me the means of earning one! In the hope that I may again and often have the gratification of meeting you, believe me, my dear sir,

Yours most faithfully,
'JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

'HON. C. E. CLARKE.'

Upon another sheet of similar description are the following words, *verbatim*:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam
Be it ever so humble there's no place like Home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, Home! Sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

'An exile from Home splendour dazzles in vain,
Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage again
The birds singing gaily that came at my call
Give me them—with the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, Home! Sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

Failing in the effort to obtain another position he accepted re-appointment to the Tunisian consulate and died there.

Congress voted an appropriation, and a monument marks his resting place in the cemetery of St. George at Tunis. Suggestions have been made for the removal of his remains to his native land, but without result. His is not a singular experience. The grave of many a genius is glorious and in strong contrast with his living domicile; we crown with laurels senseless and crumbling heads that all through their lives wore thorns. Everywhere the footsteps of appreciation are too tardy, and suffering genius fails of recognition until death has put it beyond the consciousness of praise.

JOHN H. TREADWELL.

Literature

Political Institutions.*

THE great scheme which Mr. Spencer has set before him goes bravely on to its completion, if indeed there can be a completion to a work so all-embracing and apparently endless. After the 'First Principles,' in which 'The Unknowable' and 'The Laws of the Knowable' were discussed, came the two volumes on biology; the basis of Mr. Spencer's philosophy being the physical, and his first care, therefore, being to study the facts of man's physical existence on earth. These were succeeded by two volumes on the principles of psychology, because the mind and soul of man form the other domain which may be considered more or less in opposition to biology. Next came the two volumes on the principles of sociology, or man as he exists in relation with his fellow-man. One volume reviewed the data of sociology, physical and metaphysical, and examined the various domestic relations among human beings of the past and present, civilized and uncivilized. The other was of less general interest, being confined to an examination of ceremonial institutions among men; and the present volume, on political institutions, is its complement. A third volume on sociology is still to come. In the small sub-series on the 'Principles of Morality,' only the first volume, 'The Data of Ethics,' has made its appearance.

These facts are necessary to be stated, because few readers have kept the run of the books that Mr. Spencer has published under the title 'Synthetic Philosophy.' For the most part, people who read him have taken a volume here and there, from the 'Philosophy' or his miscellaneous works, since they can hardly feel encouraged to a more systematic reading when the whole series is still more or less 'in the air,' and the larger drift of his meaning is not yet too clearly apparent. That he is one of the strongest supporters of the theory of evolution as defined by the late Charles Darwin, every one knows. But it is not so patent what further principles he is about to evolve on his own account, nor indeed exactly whither he is tending. The doctrine of Darwin is so new and so subversive of many old established ideas, not in physical things merely but in metaphysical also, that he has an appalling amount of work before him; there is a virgin forest to cut before the ground is ready for the seed. The result is that sometimes—in this volume and others—one is tempted to wish that the thread on which the material is strung were stronger, or rather that it were kept more prominent. For instance, what Mr. Spencer calls the ghost-theory—that is, the superstitious bias of primitive man—is not very clearly defined as a factor in social evolution, although a good deal is based upon it. Better expressed is the fact that calamities such as wholesale destructions of people by conquerors, cannibalism, tyranny, grinding subjection, can be shown to have a good side so far as results are concerned. It can be shown that social advance was made by their help. 'Maintenance of this mental attitude will be furthered by keeping before ourselves the truth that in human actions the absolutely bad may be relatively good, and the absolutely good may be relatively bad.' Mr. Spencer points for analogous instances in animal life on the globe to the competition among individuals of the same kind where the survival of the fittest has resulted in higher types. 'We see that to the unceasing warfare between species is (*sic*) mainly due both growth and organization.'

This grim logic, however, is only half of what Mr. Spencer advances in accordance with the deductions from the laws observed as regards evolution. Though this warfare has existed in the past between individuals, genera, species, kingdoms of animals, and (as it is the special province of this book to point out) also between men and races of men, he holds that 'its persistence through all time with all creatures must not be inferred.' Myriads of years of warfare have bequeathed to man powers which are now used by him for objects very different from killing, or defending himself. Limbs, teeth and nails are little used for fighting. And so in social organizations. Though the present higher forms are the results of suffering immeasurable in past time, it does not follow that the future must tell the same story. 'Recognizing our indebtedness to war for forming great communities and developing their structures, we may yet infer that the acquired powers available for other activities will lose their original activities. While the benefits achieved during the

predatory period remain a permanent inheritance, the evils entailed by it will decrease and slowly die out.' In this way Mr. Spencer takes the horror out of the picture of human society, so far as the future is concerned, and moreover thinks that, 'contemplating social structures and actions from the evolution point of view, we may preserve that calmness which is needful for scientific interpretation of them, without losing our powers of feeling moral reprobation or approbation.'

Unquestionably, there is much comfort in this view if one can take it. Perhaps one may argue with some confidence from the gradual disuse as weapons of offence of the human teeth and nails the gradual cessation of wars in the future. But what future? Not the near future, certainly. The comfort is like that of looking forward to the millenium, and requires, if not so great a faith as to remove mountains, yet a very great faith to make it available for a cheerful view of the human race hereafter.—There is no writer on philosophy at present who is so interesting to follow as Mr. Spencer. Without attempting to compare him as a thinker and writer with the phenomenal thinkers of recent Germany, such as Schopenhauer and Hartmann, he offers—perhaps from a comparative want of subtlety of intellect—better material for the larger circle of thinking readers than they. This at least may be said of him, as it may be said of Darwin, that he tries to examine things *de novo*, and from a different standpoint; that he speaks the scientific language of to-day, and draws his examples, as far as possible, from animate nature, whether human or not human; and that he uses the greatest diligence to avoid founding an argument on unsupported statements.

"John C. Calhoun."*

THOSE familiar with Dr. Von Holst's 'Constitutional History of the United States' will either hope or fear—as the case may be—to find this biography of the 'great nullifier' written in the same spirit and with the same purpose. Biography, indeed, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, it is not, but it might almost be a few chapters out of the 'History.' There is absolutely nothing in the volume of Calhoun as a private man, except that he was born of Irish parentage in South Carolina in 1782, and died at Washington 68 years afterward. Nor could one who understands the bent of the mind of the author expect anything else. This, to a certain degree, is quite in accordance, apparently, with Mr. Morse's plan in the series of 'American Statesmen,' of which he is editor; but it is carried out more severely in this volume than in either of those which have preceded it.

To readers of a theological turn of mind, the book may seem rather problematical than paradoxical. The author's estimate of Calhoun is that of a man of remarkable purity and uprightness, who devoted uncommon ability and unusual opportunity to the worst of purposes. Of course the assumption is that so good a man believed that the end he worked for was good, but just there the paradox disappears and the problem begins. Almost everybody now will agree with Dr. Von Holst in his estimate of the system of slavery, whether in its moral, social, political, or economical aspect, for the ante-Rebellion estimate has gone quite out of fashion. But if it be true that the system is so absolutely evil as he esteems it, and as it is now generally acknowledged to be, is it possible that a man of the great intellect and keen moral perceptions of Calhoun can have been so oblivious of that evil, and have devoted his whole life to extend and perpetuate it from the highest and purest motives? That it was possible in Calhoun's case is Dr. Von Holst's thesis. He states it in a striking way in his first paragraph.

'A man endowed with an intellect far above the average, impelled by a high-soaring ambition, untainted by any petty or ignoble passion, and guided by a character of sterling firmness and more than common purity; yet, with fatal illusion, devoting all his moral energy and the whole force of his iron will to the service of a doomed and unholy cause, and at last sinking into the grave in the moment when, under the weight of the top-stone, the towering pillars of the temple of his impure idol are rent to their very base;—can anything more tragical be conceived?'

Tragical enough, surely—but is there not a fallacy lurking here somewhere? If the cause were so unholy and impure, with no possibility of any hallucination or deception about its real character, could its defender really be the good as well as great man that he is here claimed to be? If he were, could the author say of his hero—and heroic in one aspect he certainly is—when referring to certain assertions of his: 'It may not be correct to apply,

* Political Institutions: Being Part V. of the Principles of Sociology. By Herbert Spencer. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

* John C. Calhoun. By Dr. H. Von Holst. \$1.25. (American Statesmen.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

without modification, the code of private ethics to politics; but, however flexible political morality be, a lie is a lie, and Calhoun knew that there was not one particle of truth in these assertions."

In one way Dr. Von Holst's book should commend itself to two pretty large classes, who are at liberty to put their own interpretation upon it: (1) those who cannot believe slavery to be the evil thing he represents it, when so good and great a man as he believes Calhoun to have been devoted his life to its defence and perpetuation; and (2) those who, believing it to be as unholy and impure as he says it was, cannot share his faith in Calhoun's goodness and greatness. The real truth, no doubt, as is usual in such cases, lies between the two. In this, however, all must agree—that the book is a remarkable one, and especially remarkable as the work of a foreigner who takes a more philosophical view of the influence of slavery upon American history than is yet common—we recall only one exception—among our own historical writers. Whether that view be true or false it is not the less interesting and worthy of consideration.

"Abbé Constantine."*

'ABBÉ CONSTANTINE,' the latest and most charming of Ludovic Halevy's novels, has been added by the Messrs. Putnam to the Transatlantic Series. They say that the lady superior of a convent in the French provinces was so delighted with the purity of its tone and the excellence of its moral, that she sent to a Parisian bookseller asking for the rest of the author's works, which, she felt sure, would edify the young ladies under her charge. She received by return of post a number of notorious plays, including the 'Grande Duchesse,' and all the repertory of Mlle. Schneider, the 'Boule,' and all the repertory of the Palais Royal. And, indeed, it is almost incredible to find the gay, the cynical, the lightly libidinous M. Ludovic Halevy writing idyllic stories which would bring not a blush to the maiden cheek of Mme. Henry Gréville and M. Victor Cherbuliez. It is astonishing to note the skill with which this satirical Parisian handles a theme of simple love. Since he dissolved partnership with M. Henri Meilhac, he has been doing excellent work in fiction. His sketches of the Cardinal family are worthy of Dickens; touches of pathos in his 'Abbé Constantine' are worthy of Thackeray. And the man who was capable of such work was frittering away his powers in opera bouffe. His triumphs in opera bouffe were indispensible. His success in fiction will, we predict, be no less marked. He is on his way to the Academy.

Abbé Constantine is a familiar figure. He is the Vicar of Wakefield. He is Mr. Bouicault's Jesse Rural. In this, his new avatar, he is curate of Longueval, a little French village. His joys in life are his church, his poor, and the Castle of Longueval, where he had dined twice a week, where he had been petted and spoiled, where his poor had been fed. The castle was for sale, and news came that the family had been outbidden at the auction by a certain Mrs. Scott, an American lady of fabulous wealth. The Abbé's heart sank when he heard the stories about her. She had been, said the gossips, a circus-rider. She had once begged in the streets of New York. She had established herself in splendor in the American colony of Paris. She had been pursued by lovers. She was of course a Protestant, a heretic, and would not belong to the Abbé's parish. Well, she came, and her sister Bettine with her. They were both beautiful and refined. The stories to their discredit were false. They had been brought up in Paris and had all the elegance of Parisians. Above all, they were Catholics, and on their arrival they brought the Abbé two thousand francs for his poor with the promise of a thousand more every month. 'A thousand francs a month,' cried the worthy man. 'But there will soon be no more poor in the land.' 'That is precisely what we wish,' said they. There is a delicious scene in which the Abbé sets out to distribute the gift. He had counted the gold with a miser's joy. He tells his housekeeper, trembling with delight, that he means to give away half of it at once. 'Yes,' says he, 'we are millionaires now. We have treasures of our own in America, and ought I to be sparing?' There is another beautiful scene in which Bettine steals to the organ-loft and plays while the priest is kneeling in silent thanksgiving. In his old age he had only wept once before. 'And now, to bring tears again to the old priest's eyes, a little American had to cross the seas, and come and play a reverie of Chopin's in the church at Longueval.'

In the later chapters the masterly touch is less visible, for as the lovers advance, the Abbé recedes. At the same time the novel has rare merits. It presents American womanhood in a true light, and that alone would commend it to American readers. The translator, on the other hand, presents the American language in a false light, for while doing much of her work very creditably, she sprinkles the

text with fustian phrases which an English critic would call Americanisms, but which are simply vulgarisms.

"Poets and Poetry of Poland."*

WE fear that Mr. Soboleski's patriotic attempt to transplant in American soil the flower of Polish literature will not accomplish the desired purpose. The best of the translations he offers us are commonplace, most of them are devoid of melody or rhythm, and many are filled with grammatical errors. The first impulse of the foreign student of Polish poetry is naturally to turn to Adam Mickiewicz, whose fame has spread over Europe and crossed to America. Mr. Soboleski gives us a brief sketch of the poet's life, and devotes a dozen pages to extracts from his immortal works. From the first, 'Primrose,' we cull the following choice fragments:

Dost seek a gift to give the gods,
Thy friend or thy beloved one?
Then weave a wreath wherein there nods
My blossoms—fairer there are none.

Poet speaks: Whether of Marion, beloved one,
Worthy I am, can't tell before;
If she but look this bud upon,
I'll get a tear—if nothing more.

Turning to another familiar name, that of Niemcewicz, the companion of Kosciuszko, we find a description of General Washington, which recalls in form and spirit the 'Night Before Christmas':

'His features are still on my memory defined,
With the fadeless and delicate colors of mind.
Full, noble, majestic with a crown of snow-hair,
And a brow deeply writ with the finger of care.
Old Roman simplicity marked his fine face,
Expressive of dignity, grandeur and grace.

We trace another hand, however, in the translation of the same poet's 'Fastidiana,' which is done with admirable skill and spirit. The volume includes a curious and original poem by a lady bearing the *nom de plume* of Deotyma, known to the Polish public of to-day as a wonderful rhapsodist and improvisatrice. It is called a 'Symphony of Life: A Lyric Scene,' and was composed and performed on the occasion of the Beethoven centennial celebration at Warsaw in 1870. Beethoven is represented at a table in the act of composition, and the classic figure of Music stands beside him with a laurel wreath in her hand. While the 'Fifth Symphony' is performed by the orchestra, Beethoven and his muse converse in lyric dialogue, and are supposed to reveal the development of the symphony in the musician's brain under the goddess's inspiration. What the poem may be in the original we can but faintly guess from this parody, in which Beethoven among other things begs Music, who is weary, to 'take a rest.' After the *Andante*, Music solemnly declaims:

'Terrible soul's voice with irony rife,
Her pois'nous tears e'en through a stone will go.
In the grand symphony of life,
She strikes the frantic *Scherzo*.'

Mr. Mallock's "Social Equality."†

No one will regret that Mr. Mallock has turned his attention from the writing of philosophical tales and novels to the writing of essays in which philosophy is cultivated to the exclusion of romance. His new work on 'Social Equality' will doubtless be read as widely as anything he has previously written, and by a majority of its readers it will be read with profit. We will endeavor to set forth the argument contained in it in as few words as possible: Society to-day is confronted by 'the most formidable danger' that has ever threatened it. This is the overturning of all institutions by a general uprising of the poor, under the guidance of the Democratic leaders. The object of this uprising will be to bring about a state of perfect social equality, which is to be accomplished primarily by the redistribution of existing wealth. It is impossible to discredit the advocates of this revolution merely by calling them thieves; for 'property, in our day, is theoretically in a new position. It is the defendant now, not the plaintiff as formerly, and the jury consists of the millions who have least obvious cause to be tender with it. . . . We must realize once for all that the old conservative arguments are by this time wholly obsolete. . . . It must be shown that an attack on it [property] would not injure the few only, but that it would equally bring ruin on the many.'

Two positions are to be maintained: one, that it would be impossible to equalize property for more than a single moment; the other, that social inequality 'is not an accidental defect which we must minimize as far as possible,' but that 'it is an efficient cause of civilization.' The modern social problem, Mr. Mallock is pleased to declare, has never been scientifically examined. Had it been, the 'fundamental error' of the Democratic system would have been ex-

* Abbé Constantine. By Ludovic Halevy. From the twentieth French edition, by Emily H. Hazen. Cloth, \$1; paper, 60 cts. (Transatlantic Novels.) New York: Putnam.

* Poets and Poetry of Poland. By Paul Soboleski. Cloth, \$3.50; morocco gilt, \$5. Chicago: P. Soboleski.

† Social Equality: A Short Study in a Missing Science. By Wm. H. Mallock, Author of 'Is Life Worth Living.' \$1. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

posed without difficulty. The error in question is the doctrine that man is naturally a laboring animal—that is, that under any circumstances he could be relied upon to do so much labor as would be necessary to the production of wealth. Mr. Mallock regards this as 'a fallacy of the most important kind imaginable.' The peculiarity of its persistence lies in the fact that, 'in a different form, and applied to different questions, it has not only been detected, but denounced and exposed already.' 'The lie, which was yesterday sent naked out of doors by the psychologist, is to-day, in a new dress, the first truth of the social speculator.' The Democratic doctrine, that the cause of wealth is labor, is based solely on this fallacious assumption. Labor, therefore, is not the cause of human wealth, the cause of which 'is in the motives, of which labor is the outward index.' 'Moreover, motive itself being the resultant of two things—a man's internal character and his external circumstances—the cause of wealth is finally to be sought for in these.' As, therefore, labor is not the cause of wealth, the laborer has no real claim on the wealth which he has been instrumental in amassing.

Mr. Mallock's argument is to show that the one great incentive to wealth-producing labor is the desire for social inequality. Without motive, no man does more labor than is absolutely necessary to support existence; and without social inequality, there would be no motive to do more than that amount of productive labor. It is, then, this demand of the Democrats for equality that 'has duped the poor into making themselves the enemies of civilization.' Were this modern theory once abandoned and discredited, Mr. Mallock strongly hopes, 'the wealth, the culture, the wisdom, the philanthropy, which are now forced unwillingly to regard that cause [of the poor and suffering] with suspicion, if not to oppose it, would in an instant be arrayed upon its side.' If the author of this tractate has been successful in his 'systematic appeal to facts,' he may congratulate himself on having placed property 'in a new state of security.' 'Its enemies will be reduced to the ranks of either quacks or criminals; the present ferment of opinion will subside gradually, and the friends of progress, though they will not relinquish their efforts, will turn them in another direction.'

Nordenskiöld's Voyage.*

LIEUT. HOGGAARD's book, entitled 'Nordenskiöld's Voyage Round Europe and Asia,' is a very fitting, and on the whole a fairly satisfactory, complement to the volume recently published by Nordenskiöld himself. All Arctic enterprises, such as the voyage of the Vega, may be regarded from at least two widely separated points of view, namely, that of the scientific specialist, and that of the general reader. The specialist looks to a history of Arctic exploration principally for facts, while the general reader seeks chiefly for entertainment. One asks what the explorers discovered, or accomplished, and the other what adventures they had, and how they lived in the strange and remote region which they penetrated. The first of these questions, so far as it relates to the recent expedition of the Swedes, was answered by Baron Nordenskiöld in 'The Voyage of the Vega.' To furnish an answer to the last is the object of Lieut. Hoggard in the volume before us.—It is by no means an easy or a profitable task to glean in a field which Nordenskiöld has reaped, as any one will understand who is familiar with the thoroughness of that author's harvesting methods; but Lieut. Hoggard, in spite of the obvious and embarrassing limitations under which he labored, has succeeded in getting together a very creditable sheaf. He has, to some extent, it is true, bound up weeds and field-flowers with his grain; but they are weeds and flowers from a remote and little-known region, and as such are not without interest. The book is a clear, easy, unpretentious narrative of the life, adventures, and personal impressions of the Vega's officers and crew during the voyage of that ship around Europe and Asia. It devotes little space to the results of scientific research, but gives especial prominence to the personal and social side of Arctic life, and to descriptions of Arctic scenery and phenomena. It tells us how the explorers lived and amused themselves during the long Arctic winter; how they celebrated Christmas with a Christmas-tree made by tying bushes on a flag-staff; how they received every morning a new number—just a year old—of the *Gothenburg Commercial News*, and discussed the Russo-Turkish war-telegrams which it contained; and how they spent the long hours of the Arctic night in the lonely observatory of ice, on shore, where they took turns in standing watch and recording observations. Lieut. Hoggard's descriptions of life in the Chookchee tents, of the bleak sterile grandeur of Siberian mountains and tundras, and of the storms, auroras, and other natural phenomena of the North, are much more vivid and readable than those of Nordenskiöld, but they still fall far short of the best literary work in the same field. The pictures which illustrate the book are not as well executed as those in

'The Voyage of the Vega.' The latter were taken from photographs, while the former are evidently from original sketches, and sketches of no great merit. The translation is fairly smooth, and the spelling of Russian proper names is, with a few exceptions, consistent throughout. The author errs in asserting, as he does, that 'Matyushin' is the correct form of the word used to designate the narrow strait through the middle of Novaya Zemlya. By reference to any Russian map or dictionary he will see that the name is 'Matooshkin,' which is the possessive form of 'mother.' There is no such word as 'Matyushin' spelled without a 'k.' His spelling of the name of the famous navigator Bering, on the other hand, is unquestionably correct, and should be adopted. In the historical part of his book the author has made a few errors in dates, the most noticeable of which is the date of Bering's first voyage, which is given as 1718. In other respects, however, the book is accurate and trustworthy. On the 8th of July, Lieut. Hoggard sailed again for the Arctic regions, in command of the Danish exploring ship *Dejmphma*.

The Late Professor Jevons.*

THE death of Professor Jevons on the fifteenth of this month is a considerable loss to the Anglo-Saxon communities in all parts of the world. He was not, indeed, an original thinker of the higher order, and some of the defects of his work were due to his endeavor to be more original than he really was. His work on the 'Theory of Political Economy,' for instance, in which he undertook to show that political economy is a mathematical science, has not met the approval of other economists; and the series of articles published in *The Contemporary Review*, in which he attacked the philosophy of Mill, were regretted even by his friends. But while originality of the highest type cannot be ascribed to him, he was in his sphere a most useful man. By nature he was admirably fitted for a public teacher in the fields of political economy and logic; for he had not only a thorough acquaintance with the principles of these sciences, but, in addition, what the most original thinkers do not always possess, a clear and flowing style, which made his works both pleasant to read and easy to understand. Hence, those of his works that were intended for popular use, such as his little book on logic and the one on 'Money and the Mechanism of Exchange,' have been widely read on both sides of the sea. His works on the 'Coal question' in Great Britain, and on the 'Value of Gold' have also won a high reputation; and his usefulness as a public teacher was further enhanced by his position as Professor of Logic and Political Economy at Owens College, Manchester. His death, therefore, at the early age of forty-seven, will be deeply regretted by students of mental and social science in all parts of the world.

Professor Jevons's qualities as a thinker and writer are well displayed in the little work before us, on the recent labor legislation of the United Kingdom, and the position of the State toward the laboring class. The work begins with a brief consideration of the principles underlying the labor question, and then gives a brief but very clear account of the various acts that have been passed in England, affecting the hours of labor, the employment of women and children, the conduct of trades-unions, and other matters affecting the laboring class. The greater part of this legislation receives his approval; but he recognizes the fact that some of it is of a tentative character, and that only actual experience can determine its value. He has no great faith in strikes, nor even in trades-unions, as they are now conducted; but he thinks these organizations will in time 'develop into widespread philanthropic bodies,' devoted to the general improvement of the laboring class. He closes with a brief notice of the subjects of conciliation and arbitration, and the system of industrial partnership, which, as he thinks, promise to give in the future a better solution of the labor problem than any that has yet been reached.

Recent Fiction.

'OFF THE ROCKS'† is certainly a curiosity. Did it not have every appearance of being written in good faith, we should think it an experiment of the publishers, like that of the editors of *St. Nicholas* when they republished, not long ago, one of the old-fashioned poems for children, with reproductions of the original wood-cuts. We look for a preface to 'Off the Rocks' explaining that 'this is the kind of novel people used to read and write fifty years ago.' The goody-goody and sentimental elements prevail, and the reader who picks up the book by chance will find himself thoroughly amused for a few minutes. We should not advise any one, however, to trust to securing entertainment from it for an hour. It belongs to the 'Hammock Series'; but we should recommend

* Nordenskiöld's Voyage Round Europe and Asia. By A. Hoggard. Translated from the Danish by H. L. Brækstad. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington.

* The State in Relation to Labor. By W. Stanley Jevons. \$1. (The English Citizen.) New York: Macmillan & Co.

† Off the Rocks. By Toler King. \$1. (Hammock Series.) Chicago: Henry A. Sumner & Co.

any one seeking the seclusion that a hammock grants, first, to find a more comfortable hammock than the one occupied by the young lady on the cover; and, secondly, to take with him some other book—'No Gentlemen,' in the same series, for instance.

THOSE who remember the charming story of 'The Neptune Vase' will be glad to know of another, shorter but equally charming, by the same author.* Virginia Johnson is one of the few novelists whose descriptions of scenery no one will skip; and she possesses the rare art of not concentrating the interest of her story on the people who get married. Her two old cats, in the present story, who are the ancient and maiden guardians of the attached couple, usurp, with the elfin child Jessica, the interest of the tale, quite to the exclusion of the lovers.

No one should forget to include 'Doctor L'Estrange'† in his package of books for summer reading. It deals with the most enduring excellent young man with whom we are already somewhat familiar in English novels; but there is nothing of the prig about Doctor L'Estrange, and, although there is a piling up of agony which is almost incredible, it is never quite impossible. The story is long and involved, but every character is vividly clear, and although the book deals with much unhappiness, the reader need not fear an infliction of melancholy. Aunt Magdalen alone would deem the tale from sadness.

WELL worth reading is the story of 'Family Fortunes'‡—a simple, natural chronicle of a few lives, with little incident and less love-making, but with much shrewd observation of men and things. The real heroine is the family servant, whose acute remarks reconcile us even to the painful Scotch dialect. We do not remember ever reading a clearer exposition of the difficult doctrines of Universalism than is given in Barbara's effort to make a poor dying sinner comprehend that sin has not shut him out from God: 'Ye canna ha' a better image o' God, either, than David gies, when he ca's him the Sun, which ye ken shines on a' the world, only in some places his beams fall warm and soft, callin' oot the bonnie flowers and the rich craps, while in ither they are hot and dry, parchin' up a', and leavin' naething but their ain licht on a desert. Gin ye feel the Sun o' Righteousness is owre muckle for ye whaur ye are, puir laddie, your soul has just got to up an' awa', an' seek na rest till ye find it i' the love of Him who is likened to the shadow o' a great rock in a weary land.'

'SO THEY WERE MARRIED'§ is a charming story, hardly more than a sketch, but attractive in many different ways. It is healthful enough in tone to be entrusted to the guileless eyes and heart of a maid of sixteen; but, being healthful as Thackeray is healthful, not as the author of the 'Wide, Wide World,' it is spirited enough to entertain any man-of-the-world. It relies on many of the old situations, such as impending bankruptcy, secret marriages with actresses, etc., but each is treated in some original way; the hero desires from his heart the very marriage most desirable for his fortunes; the actress proves to be an excellent little woman; and although they all live happily ever after, it is not because they succeed in gaining the luxuries usually dispensed in literature to the good, but because they decide to do without them. The story, while rendering with charming exactness the simplicity and sleepiness of life on the Indian island where the scene is laid, has an exceeding animation and brightness of its own. The pictures, too, actually add to the attraction of the story.

'THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS'¶ would easily be recognized as the work of Mrs. Spofford. It is powerful, fascinating and brilliant; romantic to a degree that is almost fantastic, and descriptive of entirely improbable people in utterly impossible situations. There is the usual elegance of surroundings; it is not enough that a young man's name should be Gascoigne instead of Smith; he must spell it with a 'y' to suit the fastidious taste of the author; and it is never to be forgotten for a moment that her Marquis could have been a marquis if he had chosen. Mrs. Spofford can do nothing without a great many ruby rings and superb gardens and heroes whose faces are an 'impersonation of impassioned splendor'; but she can do so much *with* them, that one forgives the sumptuous diction and learns to revel, as she does, in the luxury of words. It is curious that while the jewelled rhetoric of Disraeli always suggests the wild flights of a woman's imagination, the wildest flights of Mrs. Spofford's fancy have something in them masculine and intellectual. There is nothing effeminate in her touch, and the coloring of her

style is not that of a swaying flower, but of a splendid jewel. Mrs. Spofford's power is so unique that, although essentially un-American and un-republican, America will do well to cherish and to foster it, lending, as it does, a rich flavor of poetry and romance to a literature with perhaps too strong a tendency to intellectual realism and democratic plainness.

It is needless, perhaps, to explain that the Lady Maud,* being a heroine of Mr. Clark Russell, is not a young lady but a yacht; though a yacht may seem to other craft what the silver birch seems to other trees: lady of the seas, as the other is the lady of the woods. Mr. Russell's hero no longer appears on duty, but as a passenger, apparently quite resigned to exchanging service for the luxurious appointments of a friend's schooner; for as he bundled into the snow-white sheets, and dipped his intellectual brow into a pillow of down—soft as the feel of water when a man floats on his back—he felt that the cynics would have to exert themselves into an uncommon effort of eloquence to persuade him that life was not worth the having; and he adds pertinently: 'For my part I have no opinion of those Wellingtonian notions of hard palliasses and pillowless bolsters; if I can't be manly without racking my bones all night, I would rather remain without any sex to speak of.' In spite of being all about the sea, the story is only to be read on shore; for it is too full of shipwrecks and general disaster to be comfortable reading on shipboard; though we should advise every sailing party about to embark for pleasure to read it on some shady piazza before starting, in order to be duly impressed with the importance of a good skipper. We mean, of course, a skipper for the boat, not for the book, every line of which is worth reading. Mr. Russell relies on his methods, not on his incidents, and frankly tells us on the title-page that the 'Lady Maud' is doomed to disaster. There is a touch at the close more dramatic than anything Mr. Russell has done before; the descriptions, more numerous than ever, are as good as ever; and we commend the brilliant and original point, that at the time of shipwreck, the hero saves, not the heroine,—who proves heroic enough to save herself by the ordinary methods—but the incompetent and hysterical lady's maid. The illustrations are somewhat better than usual.

Educational Works.

ITTER'S 'Geographisch-Statistisches Lexicon' has passed to a seventh edition. This is issued in parts, and the first part has already appeared (New York: Westermann). The greatest care has been taken in making the new edition thoroughly accurate, and bringing it down to date. There are to be about thirty-three parts, sold in Germany at one mark (25 cents) apiece.

AMONG the catalogues of schools and colleges that have come to our notice this year, that of Lasell Seminary for young women, at Auburndale, Mass.—an institution of thirty years' standing and excellent repute—easily takes the lead. It is full of such information as the parent needs who proposes sending a daughter where she may receive the advantages of the 'higher education'; and it is printed and illustrated in an extremely tasteful style.

'THE STUDENT'S GUIDE OF QUANTITATIVE ANALYSIS,' by Prof. Bolton, of Trinity College, Conn. (New York: Wiley), is intended for the student's laboratory. Though presenting nothing new, it is a well-arranged series of analyses of some well-known and important compounds, compact and clear in its presentment of work done and its results; useful to the student and amateur in chemistry, and of a certain interest to the curious who would like to know how the quality of ores, etc., is tested, and what results can be obtained, of use in the practice of medicine, from analyzing some of the more important animal excretions.

DR. A. P. PEABODY, of Harvard College, than whom there could hardly be a more excellent authority in the matter of earnest and polite conversation, compiled, some years ago, a valuable 'Hand-book of Conversation,' pressing into service, besides a lecture of his own, a chapter from Dean Trench, and part of a useful English work by Parry Gwynne, containing many 'hints on the current improprieties of expression in reading and writing,' as well as other matter. The work appears now in a revised edition. (Boston: Lee & Shepard.) While we do not like the order in which the articles are presented, and the repetitions which some of the hints get in the different parts, we find much of real value to the young student. Dr. Peabody's address, in particular, giving hints both of what to avoid in speech and what to cultivate in tone and manner, is full of wise and gentle suggestion. Dean Trench advances to the subject-matter of social converse, and presents its proper limitations. Both of these are broad treatments, and of interest to the general reader. The remainder of the book is given to criticisms of incorrect forms and hints as to choice of forms—such hints as one would like to have at hand in writing.

* The Lady Maud. By W. Clark Russell. Illustrated. 20 cts. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

* Two Old Cats. By Virginia W. Johnson. 15 cts. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

† Doctor L'Estrange. By Annette Lyster. 20 cents. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

‡ Family Fortunes. By Edward Garrett. \$1. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

§ So They were Married. By Walter Besant and James Rice. Illustrated. 20 cts. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

¶ The Marquis of Carabas. By Harriett Prescott Spofford. \$1. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Critic

Published Fortnightly. J. L. & J. B. Gilder, Editors. Office, No. 30 Lafayette Place, New York. Entered as Second-class Mail Matter at the Post-Office, at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 26, 1882.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at Chas. Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, and Brentano's, and at the chief hotels and newstands throughout the city. In Philadelphia: at Wanamaker's and all the leading stands. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Gallinani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli.

SUBSCRIPTION: \$2 a year, in advance; teachers and clergymen, \$1.60. Bound volumes Vol. 1, \$3. each; unbound sets (26 numbers), \$2.50; cloth covers for binding, 50 cts. Remittances should be made by post-office order, registered letter, or cheque.

'The first literary journal in America. Its specialty is short reviews and many of them; but we do not observe that quality is sacrificed.'—LONDON ACADEMY.

'THE CRITIC has made itself known in America by the independence and ability of its utterances.'—NOTES AND QUERIES.

'The most interesting journal of literary criticism in the country.'—SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

'Occupies the first place among the journals of its kind in this country.'—CHICAGO STANDARD.

'Invaluable to every student and lover of literature in this country.'—CHRISTIAN UNION.

'Fully maintains its high order of excellence.'—NEW YORK HERALD.

'At the head of the critical journals of this country.'—BOSTON POST.

'The best literary journal of this country.'—CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

'It never praises a poor book.'—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE.

English Views of American Society.

MANY of the English reviews and magazines seem to be troubled just now about American society. Half a dozen trifling American novels inspire the staid *Edinburgh Review* with observations on the subject; Mr. Freeman, the historian, discusses it in *The Fortnightly Review*; that organ of philosophic liberalism, *The Spectator*, sounds a general alarm to Americans that their customs have been attacked by Mr. Matthew Arnold, and calls on Mr. Lowell to reply to the assault. We hope that Mr. Lowell will do nothing so foolish. As a man-of-letters Mr. Arnold has not a very high place in American esteem. He is a writer's writer. To the mass of Americans he is unknown; to the mass of Englishmen he is only known by his father's name. As a critic of our ways he is not entitled to a hearing; for he has never been to America; he has never lived with Americans; he confesses and is proud of his ignorance. Is such a foeman worthy of Mr. Lowell's steel?

We marvel at the audacity of these critics. They all avow that they know nothing of American society. They have read a few books, like the *Edinburgh Reviewer*; they have travelled on American railroads, like Mr. Freeman; and from these experiences they evolve their generalities. When the writer of *The Spectator*, a writer of far deeper insight than Mr. Arnold, was in this country he called at the White House and found the President studying his books, heard a cabinet minister's son call his mother 'old stick-in-the-mud,' and was only saved from entertaining a deplorable opinion of our civilization by the courtesy of a native who drew on an envelope a plan of the street where the writer wanted to go. That preserved us. 'We admit,' says *The Spectator*, with delicious condescension, wholly unsuspected by the writer, 'we admit that an American gentleman does not differ from an English gentleman.' In the same affable spirit speaks Mr. Oscar Wilde to *The Sun*: 'I believe a most serious problem for the American people to consider is the cultivation of better manners in its people.' It never occurs to this young man that his own manners are open to criticism. Satisfied of his own social supremacy, acclaimed by Oshkosh as the arbiter of elegance, he forgets that by the majority of cultivated Americans he is regarded with good-natured contempt.

Englishmen may, indeed, make up their minds that their criticisms on American society will neither correct nor instruct.

With all the vulgarities which inhere in a democracy, and which run without restraint in the United States, we cannot accept reproof or advice from a country so snob-ridden as England. Caste has eaten up English good manners. Tory or Radical, bishop or costermonger, all are smitten by the terrible social gangrene from which the mass of Americans are free. On the life of the Latin races we can afford to model ours, for to them base hero-worship is almost unknown. With Englishmen it is part of their being, and we venture to say that our friend of *The Spectator* would rather be seen in the company of an illiterate, unmannerly duke, than of a cultured and well-bred artisan. Until, therefore, they have cured this domestic evil, our English critics should sit silent and ashamed.

"Dare-Devil Dan."

'DARE-DEVIL DAN, the Young Prairie Ranger; or, Old Rosebud's Boy Brigade. A Romance of the Upper Cheyenne.' By Oll Coombs, author of 'The Dumb Spy,' 'Keen Knife,' 'Lasso Jack, The Border King,' etc.

It lay in a desk in THE CRITIC office. It was thumbed, dog's-eared, annotated. Grave tomes stood on the shelves around it: essays on jurisprudence, treatises on natural religion. Through the room where it reposed, the room which witnesses the fortnightly birth of 'the best literary journal of this country' (see *Opinions of the Press*), passed poets, essayists, philosophers. Learned conversations were held on all sides of it; shafts of wit played lambent over it. And it lay unsuspected in a desk, thumbed, dog's-eared, annotated—'Dare-Devil Dan, the Young Prairie Ranger.'

He that owned it was a boy. He was the messenger of our establishment, the Mercury of our Olympus. Winged were his sandals; swift was he of foot. His functions were to carry the book to the reviewer, the proof to the author; or, perchance, to gather the tribute due from mortals to the gods. In the intervals of his labors, secluding himself in a cloud, he thumbed, he dog's-eared, and he annotated 'Dare-Devil Dan, the Young Prairie Ranger.' One morning he disappeared, but in a week came back with sorrowful countenance, saying he had been astray. Once again he disappeared, and we learned that the police had pounced on him. A third time he disappeared, and that was the end of him. Where is he now? Is he a Prairie Ranger on the Upper Cheyenne? Has he joined Old Rosebud's Boy Brigade? His place in Olympus knows him no more. He has fallen like Ixion, whirled into the nethermost abyss.

We commend our little narrative to the society which is charged with the suppression of vile literature. We still look for the time when the publishers of such works as 'Dare Devil Dan,' and the needy knaves who write for them, shall be treated as the authors and publishers are treated with whom Mr. Comstock deals. For the seed they sow is fully as pernicious.

Grave-Yard Relics.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

WE are all hero-worshippers, to a certain extent. Those who have most opposed the Carlylean doctrine, would not, I am inclined to think, deny to a bosom-friend that they had sometimes regretted not having lived in the days of Alexander, Caesar, or Napoleon, Socrates, Homer, or Mohammed; so that they might have seen, even if they might not have personally known, one or another of those epoch-making men. For my own part, though I claim to be something of a philistine, I would sacrifice a handsome edition of Tupper, or a presentation copy of any one of Mr. Fawcett's books (poem, play, or novel), to possess the tool with which the Milo Venus was cut, the brush that painted 'La Belle Jardinière,' the inkstand Luther hurled at His Satanic Majesty, or the pen with which the Misses Milton reduced their father's epic to writing. A lock of Shakspeare's or of Dante's hair (its authenticity undisputed) would be as handsome a Christmas present as I would care to find in my stocking. To chosen friends I would display such relics with, I trust, pardonable pride; yet I would decline, without thanks, a vial containing Virgil's nose, or Tasso's liver. And in the category with these relics, I would unhesitatingly place the charnel-house scrapings described with so much unction in Mr. W. M. Rossetti's 'Talks with Trelawny,' in *The Athenaeum*:

'To my intense satisfaction, he gave me a little piece (not before seen by me) of Shelley's skull, taken from the brow. It is wholly blackened—not, like the jawbone, whitened—by the fire. He has two such bits of jawbone and three (at least) of the skull, including this one now in my possession. I must consider how best to preserve it. I inquired whether he has any of

Shelley's hair. Answer—No, the scalp having, with the hair, been all eaten off the corpse when recovered: this point, I think, has never yet been notified.

To the æsthete such reminiscences may be 'truly precious'; to the man of flesh and blood they are simply nauseating. If Mr. Rossetti cannot decide how best to preserve his sacred relics, let him turn them over to Mr. R. H. Shepherd, to be photographed and reproduced in some one of that gentleman's resurrectionist compilations.

E. L. F.

COLUMBUS, N. J., August 20, 1882.

Correspondence of Cavour.

SIGNOR NICOMEDE BIANCHI, one of Cavour's biographers, and an ardent admirer, has lately had a literary 'find' in the form of some unpublished correspondence dated between the years 1852 and '60. These letters, which now appear for the first time in the *Domenica Letteraria*, are on various subjects, and all of a nature so interesting that it seems strange they have not been hunted up before this by the Count's biographers. But the fact is, these have all (except Massari) been so bent on making a 'study' of him that they have overlooked the importance of a great man's correspondence in elucidating his character. Massari's 'Life' is too short for so great a subject—a mere sketch, and according to his usual custom, he confines himself strictly to the public career of his hero. Now Cavour's worth as a man was as admirable as his genius as a statesman. In public and private life his honesty was as incorruptible as a Fabricius's or a Cincinnatus's; and though after he became Minister he refused to take part in the most tempting speculations, on the ground that he should dedicate his whole time and thoughts to his office, he gave largely, and to the utmost extent that his property admitted. Those who have really studied his life know all this; but the mere statement of a biographer—biographers usually being hero-worshippers—does not count for so much to foreigners as the letters in which he reveals his soul. A brave, kind, generous soul was Cavour's; and in reading these evidences of his goodness, we understand the significance of his dying words to his friend Farini: 'I am perfectly happy; for I have never done harm to any one, and I have always sought to do my duty. Let the good people of Turin know that I die a Christian.' I should like to give some extracts from letters addressed to young men whom Cavour was helping on in the world; but will only make a short quotation or two concerning a public matter under dispute in 1860. It had been proposed, after the conquest of Naples, that the volunteers should be disbanded; they were not well disposed toward the Prime Minister, and, as every one knows, Garibaldi nourished a fierce antipathy to Cavour, and had asked the King to dismiss him. Let us hear how Cavour writes to Farini on the subject of the Garibaldians:

'As to the volunteers, I am sure that there would be a cry of reprobation throughout Italy if the Neapolitan officers, who fled ignominiously, were maintained in their rank, and the Garibaldians, who had conquered, were sent home. Sooner than assume the responsibility of such an act of pure ingratitude, I would bury myself at Leri. I despise the ungrateful so much that I feel nothing towards them, and I pardon their injuries. My God! I could not support the merited stain of having forgotten such services as the conquest of nine million inhabitants.'

Garibaldi's attacks could not move him to more than a momentary anger, which was instantly quelled; and with Garibaldi, as with every opponent whom he respected, he was the first to make an advance towards reconciliation—as witness the following, dated August 31, 1860:

'SIGNOR GENERALE. Having had occasion to talk at some length with your friend Captain Laugier, I am convinced that it is not only opportune but necessary to give you some explanations about many facts in the past, and the present intentions of the King's government. I have therefore begged that good and loyal Italian to go to you and relate our conversation about several matters of which you are ignorant, or have never had accurate or complete information. I earnestly desire that this mission of Laugier will be able to re-establish between us that entire confidence which existed two years ago, when I prepared for the war in which few believed and at which many were frightened. I desire it for the surest and quickest accomplishment of the enterprise to which you have dedicated your glorious sword—the constitution of Italy in a free, strong monarchy, under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel. Whatever effect the communications I transmit may produce on your mind, I flatter myself that you, General, will see in this step a proof that I hold your loyalty and your patriotism equal to your admirable valor and rare military genius. With high esteem, etc.,

CAVOUR.

FLORENCE, Italy, August, 1882.

G. S. GODKIN.

Primitive Belief.*

IN the preface of his book, Mr. Keary makes a proper distinction between the study of myths, in their genesis and growth, and the study of the beliefs of a particular race. His own pages, however, show us how hard it is to maintain this distinction in practice. The early beliefs of any given race are not a constant quantity, and even if their modifications were subject to regular laws, the data are wanting which would enable us accurately to determine those laws. Even one like Mr. Keary, therefore, who de-

sires to give an objective historical account of what the early Aryans believed, finds himself obliged not infrequently to bridge a gap in his knowledge by some plausible theory, more or less subjective. He does not feel obliged to take account of the myths of other races—e. g., the Shemitic—and thereby saves himself much trouble, but he theorizes, nevertheless. Of course there is strong temptation to carry this process beyond the absolute necessity of the case. Thus he digresses to prove that the serpent, in the Aryan mythologies, symbolizes a river—a very interesting theory, doubtless, but not the direct result of historical observation. So also in discussing the origin of cremation, and so in the constant exposition of the nature-myths, which he believes to underlie the facts of belief—such as myths connected with the sun, with the seasons, and the like. It will be observed that the criticism is not merely that the author sometimes theorizes, but that he does not sharply draw the line between his facts and his theories, and this seems to us the most considerable defect in the book. When we come to look at it in detail, however, we find a great wealth of information, clearness of expression, and acuteness of analysis. We quote the following as a specimen of skilful illustration: 'It [the transition from *Dyāus*, 'sky,' to the meaning 'god'—*Zeus*, *Deus*, etc.] is just as if at first the Aryans said "sky, sky," to the object of their adoration; then, changing the word a little, they called their god Skoi, and, lastly, invented a third abstract word, *skēy*, for a god.' The criticism of Mr. Ferguson's excessive tendency to connect serpent- and tree-worship seems very judicious. There is often much suggestiveness in a single brief sentence: 'The Aryan religion must have been as republican and as many-sided, as was the social life of the people; or, as Greece grew to perfect manhood, the gods became softened in nature.' Especial attention must be called to the portrayal of Teutonic beliefs. This part of the book is extremely fascinating, and will be read with eager interest. The persistence of heathen beliefs long after Christianity was preached and even accepted is one of the most noteworthy facts. 'The dark shadow which was an inheritance of so many ages hung over the creed of mediæval Christendom. By virtue of this inheritance, mediæval Catholicism entered into the line of descent from the creeds of heathen Germany.'

"The Chrysanthemum."

IT is interesting to watch the spreading of magazine literature in the far east, from the now well-developed monthlies and weeklies of East India to this little Japanese venture, *The Chrysanthemum* (Yokohama: R. Meiklejohn & Co.), which has recently completed its first year and a half. The number which began the second volume (January, 1882) contained an article on the Legend of Amida Buddha, a story which is said to have been told by Sakya Muni himself, but is probably much more recent, and of Japanese origin. It gives a detailed description of the particular heaven presided over by Amida, and is remarkable for the definite measurements of time and space, by which the Orientals seek to convey an idea of the infinity of which they have no conception. There is also an account of the Japanese audiphone, which, it would seem, is likely to supersede the vulcanite fan made in this country, as the lacquer is a better conductor of sound, and the Japanese instrument can be manufactured at a very small cost.—The leading article, on 'Earthquakes and Water,' in the last number received (June), is interesting solely as an example of English composition from a Japanese mind. Mr. Geo. W. Knox continues the abridgment of a Japanese 'System of Ethics,' a most curious production of a Confucianist. For example: 'Question:—Since reading is not essential to true learning, need we read difficult books and listen to discourses difficult of apprehension? Answer:—In the age of the gods imitation of the conduct of the sages was true learning, but now there are no sages; the classics have been written, and true learning consists in understanding these and regulating our conduct thereby. To read and understand the classics, and rule our lives in accordance with their teaching is to polish the illustrious jewel of our hearts; but to cast away the books of the sages and trust to our dark misled hearts is to cast away the candle, and hunt in the dark for what is lost.'—Mr. Frank S. Dobbins is unnecessarily excited over the remarks of the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, who has been to Japan, and uttered quite as ridiculous nonsense there as ever before a gaping crowd at the Hub.

Minor Notices.

MR. AUGUSTUS RADCLIFFE GROTE, in 'Rip Van Winkle' (London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.), turns a very poetical myth into very prosaic verse. The author has much to learn in artistic expression, and a long way to climb before he establishes firm footing

* Outlines of Primitive Belief among the Indo-European Races. By Charles Francis Keary, M. A., F. S. A. \$2.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

on the Sacred Hill. That he may in time overcome some of the difficulties there is a little evidence in two or three of the short poems—notably in 'Love me Not' and 'A Last Advice,' which are rather happy bits of song.

'SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIANITY' is the title of a little pamphlet written, printed and published by H. Cherouny, at 17-27 Vandewater St. The line of thought is not perfectly clear, and the remedy proposed for grave industrial evils not very practical, but the purpose is doubtless good, and the moderate tone commendable.

As only Mark Twain or a genius can write a book of travels that will interest every one, Miss Baker's 'A Summer in the Azores' (Boston: Lee & Shepard: \$1.25) does all, perhaps, that one should expect of it in giving a great many particulars to those who think of going to the Azores. There is, indeed, almost an appalling amount of information in this pretty little gilt-edged volume; it averages at least ten facts to the page, and the pages are small. There is not the slightest attempt at fine writing, even the trees and flowers in the gardens being catalogued, much as one would find them in a geography, as the 'cork-oak and the camphor tree, the date, the cocoanut and other palm trees, bamboos, sugar cane, the acanthus and the olive, the coffee tree and the tea plant,' etc. Still the little book convinces us that the Azores must be a very pleasant spot to see with one's own eyes, even if we cannot revel in the descriptions of it as seen by another.

WITH but little to recommend them in the finer charms of verse, and no particular novelty in thought or plot, 'The Defence of the Bride and other Poems,' by Anna Katharine Green (New York: Putnam), have an even flow of melody which may get for them a good place with readers not over fastidious. One regrets that the 'Tower of Bouverie,' which is a well-told legend, versified and diversified, has not the place of honor in the book. It has more poetic beauty and less of the monotony of an ill-managed measure than the poem which gives title to the volume. 'Paul Isham,' also, would have been a good starting point. The plot and manner of it are well worn, and much of the ornament has been considerable service in the poetical world; but the story runs smoothly and is entertaining. Curiously enough, these longer poems are the best, the author's genius running more to rambling narrative than to brief and pointed excellence.

THE 'Three in Norway' (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates: \$1.75) are such excellent company that we cannot help wishing we had been with them. If they had travelled through the desert of Sahara or gone up in a balloon, they would hardly have been less entertaining; for it is their irrepressible good spirits, and not the information that they impart, which constitute the charm of this narrative. That the adventures of three young Englishmen, whose wit and wisdom are of the usual undergraduate order, should be such exhilarating reading is a mystery which can only be solved by perusing the book. Its distinguishing quality is the same that imparted such a fascination to Lord Dufferin's 'Letters from High Latitudes,' and might be defined as a mixture of youthful folly and animal spirits, slightly restrained by culture and a fair degree of natural refinement. This species of healthy but ephemeral literature, by the way, has its home almost exclusively on English soil.

MISS EDITH SIMCOX's Episodes in the Lives of Men, Women & Lovers (Boston: Osgood: \$2.50), consists of eleven pieces, half essay, half story, loosely bound together by an introductory device, which is in itself, perhaps, the cleverest bit of writing in the volume. The tone of the series is pleasantly philosophical. Some considerations there are on love, duty, friendship, politics, patriotism, etc., from the standpoint of a writer whose tendency is to idealize the practical, and whose desire it is to realize the spiritual—all this imbedded in a basis of story, and tinted, à la Matthew Arnold, with the hues of the imagination. The story is seasoned with the results of good reading and scholarship; or (shall we say?), the philosophical generalization is flavored with a touch of the passions. When the story is uppermost, as in 'A Diptych' and 'Midsummer Noon,' it is excellent; and when the essay gets the mastery, as in 'Men and Brothers,' it is racy and clever, well spiced with good things, and thoroughly readable. The whole is pitched in a quiet key, and gives the impression of a well-stored mind, a travelled habit of observation and a somewhat cosmopolitan interest, and yet a willingness to extract the white juices of life without specific utilitarian ends. This last is a characteristic, which, in the hot fever of American life, one sometimes welcomes, as containing in the speculation of ideas an antidote against our too dangerous tendency to speculate in stocks.

LITERARY NOTES.

MISS CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON, who is now at Baden-Baden, has just finished a new novel, 'For the Major,' which will begin in the November *Harper's*. Charles Reade has written a new batch of stories exclusively for *Harper's*.

The holiday-book of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. will be 'Cradle Songs of Many Nations,' collected and arranged by R. L. Herman, and illustrated in colors by Walter Satterlee. Twenty-five nationalities are represented. Many of the songs have never before been published, and a number, we are told, were taken down by Mr. Herman from the lips of immigrants whom he heard crooning them to their babes in Castle Garden.

On the first of September, Estes & Lauriat will issue 'The Young Folks' History of London,' by W. H. Rideing.

'Soliloquies in Song' is the title of a volume of poems, by Mr. Alfred Austin, which Macmillan & Co. will publish in the fall.

Mr. Gilbert Burns Begg, the octogenarian nephew of Robert Burns, has been removed from the city poorhouse, Glasgow, and placed in comfortable quarters through the efforts of the *Christian Leader*, a Scottish journal.

Mr. George Saintsbury's 'Short History of French Literature' will be published in September. We learn from *The Academy* that the author aims at presenting a 'complete but succinct history, with full biographical and historical details, of the whole course of French literature, compiled from an examination of that literature itself.'

Mr. Frank R. Stockton sails for Europe to-day (Saturday) by the City of Berlin. He will spend a few weeks in London, and go thence to Paris, where he expects to remain till cold weather sets in. It is his intention to spend the winter in Italy or the south of France. The result of this journey—which will give Mr. Stockton his first view of the Old World—will be seen in a new series of 'Rudder Grange' papers in *The Century*. Pomona's experiences on ship-board, and among people speaking other languages than her own, will doubtless be as interesting as her old ones on the canal-boat—the more certainly as she is now burdened with the care of a child.

Dr. John Stuart Blackie's retirement from its Greek Chair will be a serious loss to Edinburgh University.

Sagranitschuy Viestnik, the Russian literary journal, prints an article on 'The Philosophy of American Literature,' by John Swinton, of the New York *Sun*.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have nearly ready Rawlinson's 'Seventh Monarchy,' which completes the series of Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World. They also announce 'The Roe Birthday-Book,' with a portrait of Mr. Roe; 'Tunis: the Land and the People,' by the Chevalier de Hesse Warteig; a new series, 'The Minor Wars of the United States,' edited by Rossiter Johnson; and the 'Library of Religious Poetry,' which was first published as a subscription-book.

The latest 'birthday-book' is one compiled from the speeches and letters of John Bright. Its title—'The Bright Birthday-Book'—will bring it into favor with punsters.

Louis IX., 'the Pious,' appears as one of the youthful characters in a novel for young people, which Mr. Frank R. Stockton has left behind for publication in *St. Nicholas*. The serial, which is to be illustrated with unusual richness, will probably be begun in the November number.

A new serial by Mr. W. D. Howells will be begun in the February *Century*. It is called 'A Sea Change,' and is an international tale, the scene being laid in this country. Among other subjects treated is the problem of self-help among women, with certain tragic phases of New England life. It might be noticed in this connection that the most of Mr. Howells's titles are taken from Shakspeare.

A new serial story by William Black, written exclusively for *The Youth's Companion*, is begun in that periodical this week. Its title is, 'An Adventure in Thule.'

Mr. Browning is taking a holiday in the south of France.

No. XVI. of the *Johns Hopkins University Circulars* is specially devoted to statements of the work of the past academic year, and programmes for the work of the coming term, September 19 to June 9.

Frederic de Peyster, LL. D., President of the New York Historical Society, died on Friday, August 18th, at the age of eighty-six, at Rose Hill, near Tivoli, N. Y., the home of his son, General J. W. de Peyster. Mr. de Peyster was a member of an old and wealthy New York family. He enjoyed every advantage of education in his youth, and remained throughout life an active supporter of enterprises designed to further the spread of culture in this country. His large means and high social position enabled him to act as a liberal, if not always a most judicious, patron of literature, science, and the arts. Mr. de Peyster was conspicuously identified with the management of almost all the leading institutions of an educational character in this city, including the American Bible Society, with which he had been connected for more than fifty years; and he was also well known in the commercial world. He was the author of a number of biographical sketches, and some of his addresses on historical subjects have been published. His son, also, is known as a writer in pretty much the same field.

An interesting announcement from *The Century* office is that of a series of eight papers by Mr. Henry James, Jr., under the title 'The Point of View.' They are in the form of letters, from different points of view, supposed to be written by American men and women living in Europe.

The prose translation of the 'Odyssey,' made by Messrs. Andrew Lang and S. H. Butcher, has been so well received that the translators have undertaken, with Mr. Myers, an English version of the 'Iliad,' which is nearly ready for publication by Messrs. Macmillan, who will also issue a cheap American edition of the 'Odyssey.'

A new serial, by F. W. Robinson, will be begun in an early number of *Harper's Bazar*.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe's new book, 'The Peak in Darien,' will be republished in this country (by arrangement) by Geo. H. Ellis.

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop emphatically denies the statement that a 'new and complete' romance by Nathaniel Hawthorne 'has been found and will soon be published.' None of her father's manuscripts, she says, were overlooked, and 'Dr. Grimshaw's Secret' 'cannot be truthfully published as anything more than an experimental fragment.' She adds, in this connection, that Hawthorne did not dictate his compositions to his wife, and that his hours of writing were 'completely secluded.'

Forest and Stream, the well-known and well-conducted weekly, has been enlarged to twenty-eight pages.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard have published new editions of 'The Puddleford Papers' and 'A Tight Squeeze.'

Col. G. W. Williams's history of the Negro race in America will not be published by the Messrs. Putnam till late in the coming winter or early in the spring. The book is still in manuscript. It will make two stout octavo volumes, and is the life-work of its author. Col. Williams, who is a mulatto, served as colonel of a colored regiment in the late war. He has been a member of the Ohio Legislature, and at present is a successful lawyer in Cincinnati. In his forthcoming book he recounts the history of the African tribes from among whom the great body of American slaves was recruited, and he follows the colored man through slavery to freedom, and from the end of the war up to the present day.

Harper's for October will contain an unusual variety of interesting papers, among others a recently discovered eulogy of his wife, by Chief-Justice Marshall; 'Medical Education in New York,' by W. H. Rideing, illustrated with portraits of some of the best-known physicians; and 'Railway Invasion of Mexico,' by John Bigelow, treating the whole story of Mexican railway investments, and making some startling disclosures on the subject. The lighter contributions will be a poem by Will Carleton, called 'Flash,' a fireman's story; 'Odd Miss Todd,' by Rose Terry Cooke; and 'Passages from the Journal of a Social Wreck,' written by a young lady well known in New York society, and founded on the *World's* employment bureau circular, which is advertised as furnishing dancing young men for parties and receptions.

Among the fall announcements of the Messrs. Putnam are 'Six Months in Persia,' by E. Stack; 'Travels and Researches Among the Lakes and Mountains of Eastern and Central Africa,' by J. Frederick Elton; 'A History of English Prose Fiction,' by Bayard Tuckerman; 'The Development of Constitutional Liberty in the English Colonies,' a historical study, by Eben G. Scott; and 'The Political Conspiracies Preceding the Rebellion; with the True Stories of Fort Sumter and Fort Pickens,' by Thomas M. Anderson, Lieut.-Col. U. S. A.

The fall list of the Messrs. Scribner embraces a number of important books, among which are 'Beginnings of History,' a translation of Francois Lenormant's 'Les Origines de l'Histoire,' with an introduction by the Rev. Francis Brown, of Union Theological Seminary; 'My Portfolio,' a series of biographical and literary papers by Prof. Austen Phelps, of Andover; and a new and complete edition of the late Geo. P. Marsh's 'Works,' in three volumes. The Campaign Series will be continued by General Cox's 'March to the Sea,' to be followed by Lieut. Greene's volume on 'The Mississippi,' which should have appeared as the eighth in the series but was unavoidably delayed. This will be followed by 'The Shenandoah Valley,' by George E. Pond, Associate Editor of *The Army and Navy Journal*. The twelfth and last volume of this successful series will be Gen. Humphrey's account of 'The Campaigns of General Grant.' The juvenile publications of this house include 'The Boys' Percy,' the last of the late Sidney Lanier's admirable series. The ballads are illustrated by E. B. Bensell.

Among the announcements made by Jas. R. Osgood & Co., not yet mentioned in *THE CRITIC*, are: 'Jewish History and Home-Life in the Bible,' by Henrietta Lee Palmer; 'Bible Narratives,' in three volumes; Cruden's 'Concordance,' enlarged by the Rev. J. B. R. Walker; 'The Life and Letters of Francis Lieber,' edited by T. S. Perry; 'The Life of Dr. William Rimmer,' by T. H. Bartlett, with

illustrations from his works in statuary, painting, and drawing; 'Short Sayings of Famous Men,' by S. Arthur Bent; 'Nantucket Scraps,' by Mrs. J. G. Austin; 'Spiritual Creation,' by Henry James; 'Chimes and Rhymes for Holiday Times,' edited by Almira L. Hayward; 'Heavy Ordnance, Siege and Naval Guns, Light Artillery,' as invented and improved in the United States, edited by Gen. C. B. Norton; a new edition of Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' with 120 illustrations by American artists, the scenes of the poem having been sketched on the spot by Mr. A. V. S. Anthony; 'A Memorial History of the County of Hartford, Conn.—1631-1881,' edited by Dr. J. H. Trumbull; and Bishop Perry's 'Centennial History of the American Episcopal Church,' the last two being subscription-books.

FRENCH NOTES.

THE Firmin-Didot Library has finished the publication of the most notable work ever issued on the city of Paris. It gives the history of every district and every street; tracing the successive changes that have been made in the town; and marking, step by step, the birth of the Hôtel de Ville, the Palais de Justice, the Pont-Neuf, the Cité, Notre Dame, the Hôtel Dieu, the Louvre, the Grand Châtelet, the Cimetière des Innocents; and so down to the days of the new Hôtel de Ville, which was opened last month on the national holiday.—Mme. Judith Gautier has taken advantage of the Bayreuth performances to publish a treatise, called 'Richard Wagner et son Œuvre Poétique' (Charavay), containing a full account of 'Parsifal' and of its author, at whose house Mme. Gautier has often stayed.—Jules Verne's new book is entitled 'Le Rayon Vert' (Hetzel). This green ray is supposed to be a phenomenon displayed by the sun at the moment of its disappearance below the horizon. It is so rarely visible that two eccentric Englishmen, 'Sam and Sib Melvill,' determined to go in search of it. They are accompanied by two lovers. After many adventures they behold the green ray from a Scottish highland. But the lovers see nothing but the rays shot from each other's eyes.

Of historical works the most important is 'La Guerre d'Italie' (Hachette), which sheds new light on Napoleon III. and the part which he took in the battles of Magenta and Solferino.—Messrs. Hachette have also a new guide-book, important in the present political complications, called 'L'Orient: Syrie et Palestine,' by MM. Chauvet and Isambert.—M. Mary Lafon's 'Histoire Littéraire du Midi de la France' (Reinwald) is a very remarkable compilation of the literary work of the South, bringing to light many authors hitherto unknown to French erudition. M. Lafon has also published 'Cinquante Ans de Vie Littéraire' (Calmann-Lévy). In his youth he knew Prince Talleyrand, and one evening, after dinner, the Princesse de Dino, niece of the Prince, standing before the fire, 'releva tout-à-coup robe et jupons jusqu'au plus haut des reins, et se mit à chauffer tranquillement devant nous, ce qui fit surnommer Vénus Callipyge.' 'Mode Russe,' said the Prince, calmly.—The novels of the hour are 'Le Million,' by Jules Claretie (Calmann-Lévy); 'Lady Caroline,' by MM. Texier and Le Senne (Calmann-Lévy); and 'Un Amour sous la Loi Ferry,' by P. Mariet (Forget)—a strange mixture of fiction, philosophy, and politics.

GERMAN NOTES.

'POLITISCHE CORRESPONDENZ FRIEDRICH'S DES GROSSEN' (Berlin: Alexander Dunker), is the title of a work of which the sixth and seventh volumes have just appeared. The fifty volumes of which it is designed to consist will cover Frederick's entire reign—1740-'86. The two new parts cover the years 1748-'9.—The success of Prof. Gustav Ebers's novels portraying the society of ancient times has tempted other writers of fiction to turn their efforts in the same direction. Following hard upon Hamerling's sketch of Athenian society under Pericles and Alcibiades ('Aspasia,' Leipzig: Adolph Fietze), Ernst Eckstein of Vienna publishes 'Die Claudier' (Vienna: Steyerlühl), a voluminous romance of the early days of the Roman Empire. It requires a man of genius to awaken interest in the history of fictitious characters of the remote past. Herr Eckstein has been a careful student of the history and manners of the period he wishes to describe, but he fails to breathe the spirit of life into the *dramatis personæ* of his novel.—The August numbers of the German monthlies, *Rundschau* and *Nord und Süd*, have reached New York. The former continues the interesting letters of Eastern travel by Ernst Haeckel, the German Darwinian. Karl Freazel, the Literary Editor of the Berlin *National Zeitung*, concludes a historical novelette, 'Chambord,' in which Marshal Maurice de Saxe is the leading character. An imaginary dialogue on Vereschagin's pictures contains acute criticism of the young Russian's work. *Nord und Süd* brings the conclusion of a religio-sentimental story, 'In Omnibus Caritas,' by M. Corous. Johannes Scherr contributes an essay on 'Thirty Years of German History,' and Carl Vogt concludes his interesting biographical sketch of Eduard Desor, the naturalist.*

Science

"Ants, Bees, and Wasps."*

At a period long anterior to any of which we have palæontological evidence there must have existed a worm-like stock, from some form of which branched a long series of animals which culminated in crustaceans and similar aquatic types, and later into the insects, while from some other representative were generated forms destined to be developed in their turn into the tunicates, and eventually the vertebrates, terminating, in the later tertiary, in man. Both of these types have given origin to beings originating complex social relations, and they are the only ones in the whole range of the animal kingdom that have done so. On the one hand, in the order of hymenopterous insects, there have developed several little differentiated forms, each of which has originated special schemes of what may properly be called civilization. On the other hand, of all the vertebrate phylum man alone has attained the high social condition of his lowly rivals. The several styles of civilization have much in common, and while several of the races of man have on the whole advanced farthest, the insects have attained in some respects greater specialization in their communities. The ants especially, of one or another species, build large communistic dwellings; they gather harvests and store them for future use; some cultivate the ground, even if they do not sow the crops; some capture or raise what serve them in lieu of cows; they even have pet animals; and some equal or surpass man in the dexterity with which they enslave, not their own kind but individuals of allied species, and avail themselves of their enforced labor. They surpass men since they not only obtain the labor of their slaves, but they can rest free from any fear of their uprising, and in the certainty that they will perform what is expected from them. But it is especially noteworthy that, as in human communities, the evils of slavery rebound on the enslavers. There are various gradations in the influence of slavery on the ants, for while among some species the slaves are mere luxuries to their masters, among others they have become indispensable and assume all the work of the settlements, their masters being completely helpless and dependent on their labors for food and the other daily needs of life. Another noteworthy peculiarity is that the ants surpass mankind in the specialization of the constituents of the community, for nothing is left to chance or to the after intentions of the individuals. From the egg they are severally destined and fitted for their places in the community; some are raised to be workers—and they may be raised to be workers of different kinds; some are born to be warriors, and others are set aside to be fed and brought up for the future increase of their kind. They have attained to a practical knowledge of the laws of the sexes, and the art of regulating propagation as they will—which man has yet to learn. In other respects they are less enlightened and quite barbarous. They are very exclusive and treat intruders into their domain—even of their own species—with as much animosity as California citizens of foreign birth show towards the Chinese immigrants; they are more intolerant than the Chinese themselves. They nevertheless recognize members of their own community, even if born elsewhere, by some subtle means that has not yet been discovered. Sir John has recorded some interesting experiments on this point.

It is animals exhibiting such remarkable characteristics as these that the present author has for years observed and studied, and concerning which he has contributed to scientific journals several memoirs. These have now been combined and welded into a whole, and form one volume of the well-known International Scientific Series. One of the chief bankers of England, an active and efficient member of Parliament, and a well-known student of statistics, Sir John Lubbock is perhaps mainly devoted to biological studies. His predecessors in the special field of research recorded in the present volume were many and eminent, but Sir John has been more than a gleaner, and, having devised almost new modes of investigation and experimentation, he has added considerably to our knowledge and conceptions of the hymenopterous civilizations.

In a first, or introductory chapter, the general characteristics and relations of ants are made known. They are divided into three zoological 'families'—the formicidæ, poneridæ, and the myrmicidæ—and 'rather more than thirty kinds' are recognized as English, although the species are most numerous in the warmer and tropical regions. In a second chapter, the 'formation and maintenance of nests' are described; the third is on the 'relation of ants to plants'; the fourth, their 'relations to other animals'; the fifth, their 'behaviour to relations'; the sixth, on the 'recognition of friends'; the seventh, on 'power of communication'; the eighth, on 'the senses of ants'; the ninth, on their 'general intelligence.' Two final chapters are devoted to observations respectively on bees and wasps. Five colored plates illustrate various species of ants.

* *Ants, Bees, and Wasps. A Record of Observations on the Social Hymenoptera.* By Sir John Lubbock, Bart. 2s. (International Scientific Series.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The chapters indicated are replete with new observations of various kinds on the social hymenoptera. The work is interesting, not only on account of the claims on our attention of animals exhibiting so much in common with ourselves, but because of the original and well-recorded experiments. The only criticism we feel disposed to make is that in a popular work such as the present is supposed to be, it would have been better to give an epitome of the entire field, and to systematically incorporate the results of the studies of others. As it is, the volume is really little more than a summary or journal of researches of the author. But when so much has been given, we would not wish even to appear to be captious, and we have cause to, and do, thank our author for what he has given.

The Assos Expedition.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

As late as July 7th, the work at Assos was being carried on upon the stoa plateau, the theatre, and the Street of Tombs, as when last reported. Mr. Bacon writes that in the course of his exploration of the Assian cemeteries, he has met with several striking instances of the ancient unwillingness to remove existing tombs when space was needed for later monuments. Among the Greeks, except in Dorian cities, it was forbidden to bury the dead within the city walls, and the favorite burial places were immediately without the gates, along the roads leading from the towns. In later times, the terraces along these roads became crowded with tombs, the best places nearest the gates being filled up first, so that it was difficult to find a vacant site in a good position. Yet religious scruples lying at the foundation of Hellenic polity forbade the desecration of a grave. When the base of the beautiful sculptured sarcophagus illustrated in the first Assos report was excavated, there was found beside it an earthenware pithos, in which the body of a poor citizen had been buried. To give room for the solid foundation of masonry, it was necessary to cut off a portion of the pithos at the bottom, as it lay on its side; but the upper part with the cover was left in its original position. At another place upon the Street of Tombs, two monolithic sarcophagi upon different levels are built into the base of a large monument and project from it.—Men are at work at the accumulated débris upon the slope of the Acropolis below the agora and above the theatre. There is good reason to hope for the discovery here of architectural members of buildings which once stood on the stoa plateau above, and of fragments of sculpture and inscriptions which may well have been thrown down when the Christian religion was enforced by the Empire, or when the Imperial rule was itself overthrown by the Moslem.—Behind a mediæval retaining wall on the slope above the port, a little digging brought to light 118 fragments of terra-cotta figurines—heads, feet, bodies, or pieces of drapery. None were found complete; hence Mr. Bacon infers that they are from the rubbish heap of the ancient terra-cotta makers, and are castaway pieces of figurines spoiled in the baking. From the position in which the fragments were found, the original heap from which they came cannot yet have been discovered, and an effort will be made to find it. The faces of the figurines are well-modelled, and characteristic of a marked Asiatic type, recalling that of the sphinxes among the temple sculptures. Several of those found are duplicates; but there is much variety in the collection, as, for instance, in the arrangement of the hair. It is possible that the fragments come, not from the rubbish heap of a maker, but from such a deposit of votive offerings of small intrinsic value as was periodically made in clearing out Greek temples, when the space available for such objects became encumbered. In this case, the imperfect condition of the terra-cottas found may result from the rough usage which they experienced in the middle ages, when they were shovelled in with the filling behind the terrace wall; and their original hiding place may contain treasures well worth seeking.

THOMAS W. LUDLOW.

'COTTAGE LAWN,' YONKERS, N. Y., August 18th, 1882.

Scientific Notes.

JOHNS HOPKINS University is to be congratulated on securing the services of Prof. G. Stanley Hall, in its department of Psychology.

Professor Minto's article on John Stuart Mill, for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' will contain some particulars hitherto unpublished, concerning Mill's connection with *The Reader*, and his life at Avignon.

Mr. Herbert Spencer arrived in New York last Monday. He has come to this country to rest, and has declined all invitations to lecture or to be 'interviewed.' He will be the guest of Prof. Youmans for a time.

Dr. Schliemann describes his 'Recent Discoveries in Troy' in the October *North American*, giving a record of his work up to July. The article was written on the scene of the excavations. A paper on 'The Coming Revolution in England,' by H. M. Hyndman, a plain-spoken Radical, will appear in the same number.

The *Journal of Numismatics* for July-September begins Vol. XVII. The series of articles by Mr. J. C. Brevoort, Mr. Robert Morris, and Mr. McLachlan, respectively, will be continued.

The death of Gen. Gouverneur Kemble Warren, Engineer Corps U. S. A., a member of the National Academy of Sciences, took place at Newport, R. I., August 8th. Gen. Warren, who died at the age of fifty-one, had had charge of the government engineering work at Newport and along the New England coast for several years. He was a devotee of science.

On June 3d we recorded the founding of a Chair of Animal Morphology at Cambridge University, England, and added that it was no secret that the professorship had been instituted to retain Mr. Francis Maitland Balfour, of Trinity College. An accident on Mt. Blanc has thwarted the designs of the founders of this Chair, by terminating the career of the newly-elected professor at the early age of thirty-one. Professor Balfour was a successful teacher and an ardent investigator. His dissertation submitted to the examiners for the Trinity College Fellowships in 1874 was highly commended by Professor Huxley. This was afterward reprinted in 'A Monograph on the Development of Elasmobranch Fishes' (1878). But the work which will keep Professor Balfour's memory green in scientific minds is his two-volume 'Treatise on Comparative Embryology' (1880-'1). Apart from his purely scientific work, Professor Balfour devoted much of his time to the affairs of Trinity College and of the University. Mr. J. W. Clark concludes an interesting memoir in *The Academy* with these words: 'No heavier blow could have fallen on the university than his untimely loss; no one could be deplored with more universal or more genuine sorrow.' The death of Professor Balfour, almost at the beginning of his career, recalls the equally untimely loss of Professor Clifford, only a few years since.

The Fine Arts

The New Volume of "L'Art."

'La peinture Française est bien malade, Monsieur.' This is the dispiriting text of Paul Leroy for most of his recent contributions to *L'Art*. (New York: Bouton). He addresses a young painter named Charles Maurin, whose portraits at the late Salon seemed to the critic to make some small amends for the mediocrity of the French portion of the show, and whom he therefore hailed with more fervor than the young man probably deserves. The symptoms of decadence in French painting are by no means recent, but it is only of late that the fact has been widely acknowledged at Paris. To foreigners the decay of French art may cause some superficial gratification, since along with it goes the remarkable fact that outside of France improvement is the rule, with Germany perhaps as an exception. Aside from the ingratitude and bad form of any such feeling toward France, the gratification is most shallow. In the fine arts men are able to rise above the jealousies of trade, and because they generally do not so rise it is all the more shame to them. Even in trade and mechanics it can be easily shown that the failure of a rival is not necessarily a blessing. For a short time it may enrich the survivors, but the loss to the world at large reacts on them in turn, and they lose in the long run. The loss of a stimulus to exertion in rivalry is apt to cause their work to deteriorate. Much more is this the case in the fine arts. If there is any country in the world where every lover of the fine arts ought to pray for an improvement rather than a subsidence of the art-force, it is France, the central, fashion-giving land of Europe, from which so many good things have come, along with many that are most to be deplored.

On the barest grounds of self-interest, other nations, and particularly the United States, ought to wish that a new wave of good art should arise in France. No other nation is yet quite ready to take the lead in the fine arts. Holland has, to be sure, been showing some very remarkable work. The picture by Josef Israëls, 'Un Dialogue Silencieux,' seems to have been the finest effort in the late Salon, judging from the remarks of critics worthy of confidence, and the further particulars regarding it that may be gathered from this quarterly volume of *L'Art*. But Holland cannot be said to have the geographical or commercial situation that will be likely to be requisites in the favored nation. The line lies more in the way of Great Britain or the United States. Ireland, shockingly mismanaged by her sister-kingdom, has been lying fallow for centuries, the strong artistic instinct of her sons and daughters having been crushed by poverty and political misery. A few only have escaped to England and the United States, where they have quickly lost their old nationality for a new. Should the chimera of some Irish agitators take on flesh and blood, and Ireland attain a share of political independence, —should her industries grow and her race become easier in circumstances—perhaps the old and long-suppressed civilization of the Emerald Isle may put out new shoots. It cannot be denied now, however, although a few years ago those who had the nerve to prophecy in that direction were promptly laughed down, that the chances of supremacy in the fine arts are noticeably tending toward

America. If the Parisian critics are alarmed at the excellence of the second-rate young painters of American birth, whom Paris and Munich have educated, they would be more alarmed could they know that the United States has other, more original, more thoughtful, and more modest artists in reserve, whose peculiar qualities will not soon be appreciated by Europeans, but of whose future eminence there can be no doubt.

That French art should not degenerate is, however, of the utmost importance to the future of art in the United States. As a university of the fine arts Paris has no equal; and many a fine artist has already been spoiled there by false teaching. It is very necessary that it should not only equal the past in this point, but much surpass it. The alarm is a good sign. There can be no regeneration without it. The peculiarly dogmatic character of the French variety of philistinism among artists makes the problem very difficult; but with such outspoken, keen, and sharp-eyed critics as the Paris press now has, there is plenty of room for hope that it is only the beginning of a change for the better. It may have a good reflex action here in shaking the obstinate idea of rich Americans that only French painters know how or what to paint, and in turning their attention to their compatriots. The finest pictures will never have quick and fair sales. But while the second rank of native artists is doing a good business, the first will manage not to starve.

L'Art for this quarter has much the same variety of articles as before. It is not a brilliant number, except as regards etchings, of which two by Bocourt are very fine. There is a sympathetic and highly favorable review of Mr. Brander Matthews's 'French Dramatists of the XIXth Century'; for *L'Art* includes music and the drama in the list of its general subjects. The American pictures at the Salon are not yet reviewed, but there is a distinct statement of their average superiority to the native work exposed. The Florence Prize given every year by *L'Art* was awarded to Hans Heyerdahl, a Norwegian, who will accordingly take up his residence in Italy for a certain period, and send to the magazine some product of his pencil in much the same way that the winner of the Prix de Rome sends a painting or statue back to the French Government.

Art Notes.

THE premiums offered to subscribers for *L'Art* for 1883 (Bouton) is one of the most attractive yet issued. It is an etching called 'L'Attente: Le Samedi à Villerville,' which represents the women and children of Villerville waiting for their husbands and fathers, whose fishing smacks are dimly outlined against the distant horizon. The figures of the women are boldly drawn and natural in position, and the effect of wetness on the shore is capital. The painter of the picture, M. Ulysse Butin, is also the etcher. (J. W. Bouton.)

The current *Art Amateur* and *The Magazine of Art* devote a part of their space to a biographical and critical sketch of Mr. George H. Boughton, with a portrait, and reproductions of his works. We are inclined to think *The Art Amateur's* the better portrait; its sketch also is more complete than that of the Anglo-American magazine. An article on 'Current Art,' in the latter, gives great praise to a painting by J. R. Reid, called 'Homeward, and Homeless,' of which a full-page engraving is given. We confess that the picture puzzles us. The woman and child in the group designated as 'tramps' have the dress and bearing of rich and well-bred people, while the old man looks every inch the well-kept butler. That they carry musical instruments in no wise dispels the illusion.

The Drama

THE gallery sat in its shirt-sleeves, perspiring but enthusiastic. Fashion sat in its silks and swallow-tails, mildly amused but ashamed to own it. Criticism sat in its dignity, silently protesting, shrugging its shoulders, raising its eyebrows, as who should say: 'Bad, very bad; probably the worst yet. But the mob likes it; the gallery screams with delight: and what are you going to do about it?' The play was 'The Black Flag': the author Mr. Henry Pettitt: the scene the Union Square Theatre: the time last Monday evening.

Mr. Henry Pettitt is not a new playwright. He has constructed melodramas for a considerable number of years at some of the lowest London theatres. He is held in esteem by the audiences of navies and costermongers who frequent those haunts. He is the Congreve of the Grecian Theatre, the Sheridan of the Surrey. His most ambitious effort was to take a third share in the manufacture of 'The World.' Encouraged by the success of that remarkable production, he came to America, and brought with him a budget of plays. How he introduced them to American managers we have no means of telling; for the literary quality of his work would lead us to suppose him incapable of furnishing a manuscript. Probably he carried his plays in his head, as the Greek rhapsodists carried the poems of Homer. Probably he recited them at the Olympic games celebrated in the Union Square Hotel and the Morton House. At any rate

'The Black Flag' was accepted, and having first been tried in Philadelphia, has now been brought to New York.

The Black Flag is a signal displayed at Portland Prison when a prisoner escapes. The audience, therefore, knows from the start that the destination of all the characters is Portland Prison, and not, as it would otherwise have supposed, the mad-house. Mr. Owen Glyndon, an irascible old gentleman, has two sons. One of them, Harry, is honest, handsome, and outspoken; but he has an extraordinary brogue which betrays a mystery in his birth. Jack, the other, is sly, base, and cruel; but he has no brogue, and it is plain that he is Owen Glyndon's son. So it turns out. Village gossips had commented on the fatal brogue. 'How,' said they, 'how comes it that one of the brothers has a cockney accent, and the other a Lancashire burr? What dreadful secret lurks behind the fact that one of them talks like Mr. Tearle in "Youth" and the other like Mr. Florence in "The Ticket-of-leave Man"?' These criticisms vexed the soul of Owen Glyndon. It maddened the proud old man to think of Harry's brogue, to view this linguistic blotch on his escutcheon. At last he could endure it no longer. 'No,' he cried to the astonished gossips, 'No; the boy is not my son. He is the son of my wife and of her former lover, a pirate. I renounce him. Henry, go forth into the storm.' Loud without the tempest thundered, and the outcast went forth into it.

But Jack, the acknowledged son, had meanwhile been forging his father's name to a bill-of-exchange, which had fallen into the hands of Mr. Sim Lazarus, a comic Jew, closely related to Mr. Mo Jewell of 'The World.' When Sim came for the money, Jack couldn't pay, and Owen wouldn't, and Jack was therefore persuaded to steal a pocket-book on which his father habitually slept. Fortunately, just at this moment, the outcast looks in, intending to say farewell to the old shebang, and to tell the family that he had bought a new suit of clothes, and had left his old garments, the livery of servitude, lying, with a loaded stick beside them, promiscuously on the kitchen floor. 'Now that,' remarked Jack to himself, 'is providential; for I will put on the clothes, steal the pocket-book, give the old man a crack on the head with the loaded stick, and they will all swear that Harry did it.' He executed this scheme with complete success: met Harry's lady-love on the way: turned up his coat-collar and persuaded her that he was Harry; and stood by, calm and innocent, when his father was brought in with a gaping wound in his head. And surely never did wound gape like that wound. Caesar's body, pierced by the envious Casca and others, must have been agreeable to behold in comparison with the scalp of Owen Glyndon. Owen, however, was a strong old man, and as nobody thought it worth while to staunch the blood, he sat sedately in an arm-chair, blowing his nose at intervals, while Harry's lady-love confessed that she had seen her suitor come from Owen's room, and while a lad called Ned, much attached to Harry, appeared with a bundle of clothes which he had fished up from the river, and charged Jack with the crime.

All the personages next assemble at the quarries of Portland. Some are prisoners, others are free; but all come and go without restraint. Ned's evidence having gone for nothing, Harry is sent to prison, and thither, though he had nothing to do with the murder, goes Sim Lazarus also, the court having wisely decided that he would enliven the monotony of the convict's life. But Sim in time grows tired of amusing Harry, and Harry grows tired of the humors of Sim; so, just at the time when old Owen Glyndon, recovering from his wound, has a dream which reveals the whole truth to him, they determine to escape, and having learned the secret which Mr. Boucicault first discovered, that the walls of their prison revolved, they touched the spring, knocked down the wardens, jumped into a raging sea of green cloth, and were rescued in a boat

while The Black Flag waved furiously overhead. Subsequently they were on the point of being recaptured when old Mr. Glyndon remembered his dream, renounced Jack, and placed Harry, in spite of his brogue, upon his right hand, and Sim, in consequence of his humor, upon the left.

On Monday night this play was received by the gallery with boisterous acclamation, by the parquette with tacit approval. There is plainly an immense class of spectators who go to the theatres as to a walking match, a prize-fight, or a lecture by 'Bob' Ingersoll. With such we need not argue. In European countries they would have their own theatres, their Porte Saint Martin and Ambigu in Paris, their Grecian and Surrey Theatres in London. In our democracy nearly all the theatres are open to them: Mr. Wallack, Mr. Daly, and Mr. Palmer stoop to gratify their tastes. And let it not be supposed that the plays provided for them bear the same relation to the drama that is borne by the works of Miss Braddon or Mrs. Henry Wood to fiction. Miss Braddon and Mrs. Wood, though weak in dialogue and character, are strong in construction. Mr. Pettit's play-building is beneath contempt. His warmest friend in the gallery can see, for example, that when he acquits his hero at the end of the second act, and sends him to prison at the beginning of the third, his work is entitled to about as much respectful consideration as that of a little child, who should draw a horse with a stick dipped in ink, and send it to Goupil's for exhibition.

Mr. Nat Goodwin was the hero of the evening. He was a pet with the audience, who were tickled by the vagaries of Mr. Sim Lazarus, doffing his velvet coat and diamond studs to put on a convict's uniform and drag a ball and chain. He is, indeed, an actor of true comic force, remarkable rather as a mime than as a delineator of character. All play-goers have their eye on Mr. Goodwin as the most promising humorist of the stage, and we can assure him that he will add nothing to his growing reputation by appearing in plays like 'The Black Flag.' Still, whatever success it achieved, was due wholly to his efforts. Miss Eliza Weathersby, his wife, appeared as Ned, and Mr. E. F. Thorne as Harry.

Music

Musical Notes.

GOUNOD was twelve years writing the music of 'The Redemption.' He wrote the libretto in Rome in two months.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg sang at a performance for the benefit of the Humane Society, at Saratoga, on Saturday evening last.

Florence Marryat (Mrs. Francis Lean), the well-known novelist and daughter of Capt. Marryat, is singing the part of Lady Jane in an English 'Patience' company.

M. Ambroise Thomas has named Mesdames Pauline Viardot and Miolan Carvalho among the judges of the singing classes of the Conservatoire. This is the first instance in which ladies have received that compliment.

The *Athenaeum* mentions, as a proof of the wide-spread interest in the production of 'Parsifal,' that on the 26th of July, 'during and after the first performance, 44,000 words were telegraphed from Bayreuth to the various English and continental journals concerning the event.'

Mme. Anna Bishop has determined to write her recollections of the stage. She has kept a pretty full record of the principal events of her life. Besides her experiences as a singer she has had many strange experiences of travel and adventure, having circumnavigated the world more than once, and sung in many out-of-the-way countries.

Look Before You Leap.

By Mrs. ALEXANDER, author of "The Wooing O't," etc. 16mo (Leisure Hour Series), \$1.

Kinley Hollow.

By G. H. HOLLISTER. 16mo (Leisure Hour Series), \$1.

"Is quite above the line of the ordinary novel. To the merits upon which we have specially remarked, the skilful and effective delineation of a past and gone society, the realization of old fashions of thought, and the faithful representation of types of character which had much to do with making New England what it is—it adds the further excellence of vivacious dialogue which serves really to illustrate the speakers, and a strong feeling for beauties of nature."—*New York Tribune*.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York.

G. P. Putnam's Sons,

27 and 29 West 23d Street, New York,

HAVE NOW READY:

A New Work by Mallock.

SOCIAL EQUALITY.

A Study in a Missing Science. By W. H. MALLOCK, author of "Is Life Worth Living?" 8vo, cloth, \$1.

An analysis of the purposes and tendencies of modern Democracy and Socialism, and a consideration of some of the social problems now urgently demanding attention.

THE KAATERSKILL SERIES.

NO. 1.

A Fair Philosopher.

By HENRI DAUGÉ.

1 vol., cloth, \$1.

"This book has many broad and grand ideas. It is an immense advance on 'The Georgians' by the same author."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

"A bright beautiful story."—*The Golden Rule*, Boston.

"One of the most striking novels of the year. It is destined to take and hold a high place in our current fiction. The elder Hawthorne is suggested at times."—*Concord Monitor*.

GEO. W. HARLAN & CO., Publishers,

44 West 23d Street, New York.